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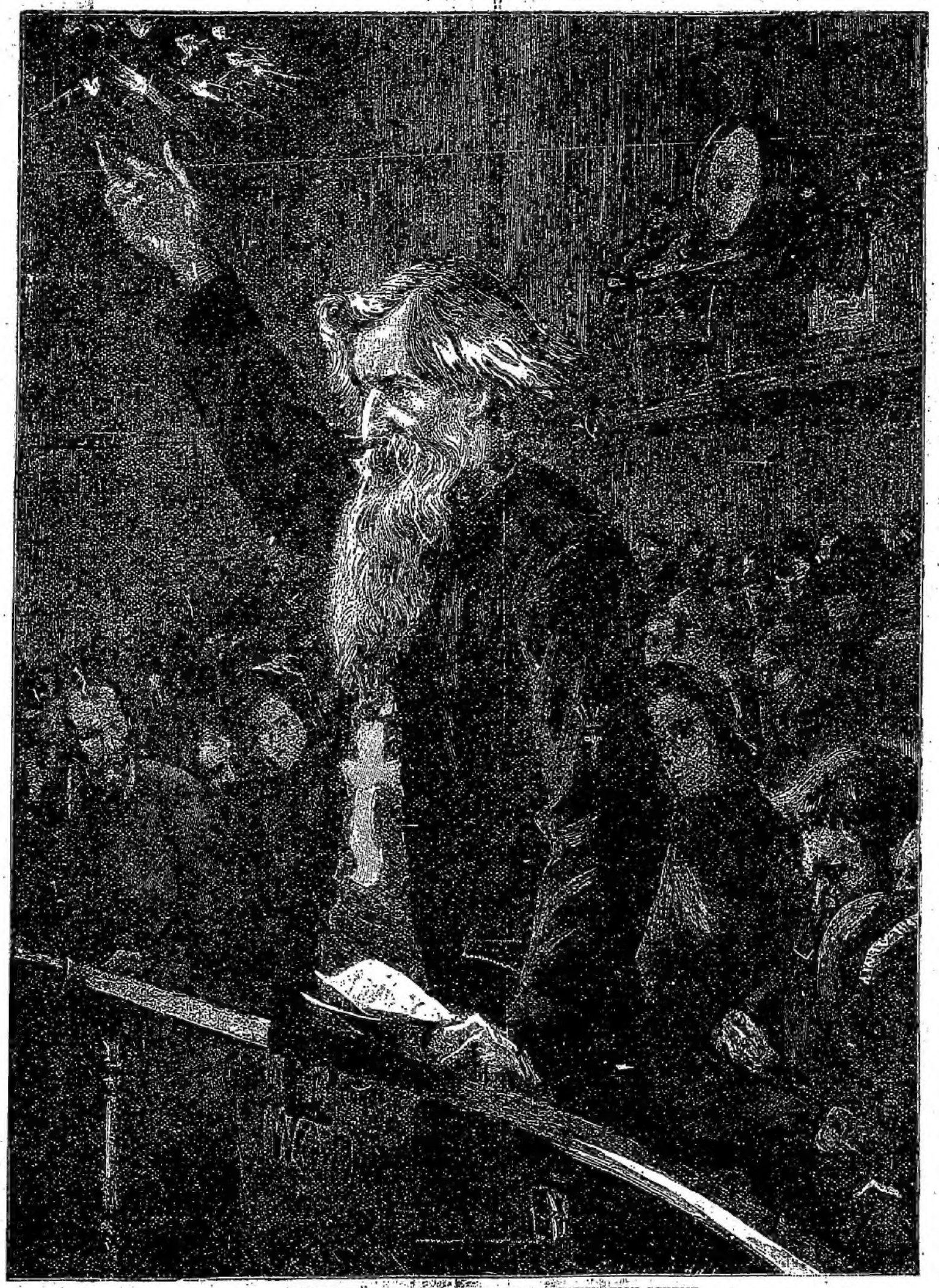
GENERAL BOOTH LECTURING ON HIS EMIGRATION SCHEME.

All the world is now familiar with "General Booth's" last work "In Darkest England, and the Way Out." The book at first met with a large sale, and the schemes advocated in it were received with great favor. Later, however, numerous objections were brought forward. Some objected to the methods of the Salvation Army altogether as being undignified and quite inadequate to the great needs; while others pointed out, and very truly, that these very methods had already been working for years, though on a smaller scale, and were indignant that these first and successful efforts to reach and rescue the "submerged tenth" should be so completely ignored. Disagreements arose also in the "Army" itself, among the officers regarding the distribution of the funds, which resulted in the retirement of Mr. Frank Smith. But in spite of all discouragements without which no great scheme was ever started, there is every prospect of the plans being carried to a successful issue. Our picture on this page was sketched from life on one occasion, while, in his well-known energetic manner, the "General" unfolded his cherished plans for restoring to self-respect and usefulness those now lying sunk in hopeless poverty and degradation. "General" Booth's capacity for work is said to be enormous.



"GENERAL" BOOTH LECTURING ON HIS EMIGRATION SCHEME.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

BY HELEN A. STEINHAUER.

It was a beautiful day in early spring, and the genial warmth and bright sunshine had filled Broadway with a sightly stream of pretty girls in new and pretty spring suits. Among the number was Agnes Hetherington, conspicuous by reason of her unusual height and perfect figure, and an indescribable something about her which, to her great annoyance, invariably attracted attention that caused men to turn for a second look at "that magnificent woman!"

But unquestionably the chief charm lay in the expression of her mobile countenance, which now was thoughtful and absorbed. Although elegantly and stylishly dressed it was evident that she was no mere butterfly of fashion, whose sole aim in life was to make conquests and to be admired. Our Agnes was an earnest Christian, who for two years past had labored as a teacher in a mission school, connected with the somewhat aristocratic church of which she was a member.

Now her thoughts were busied with the father of one of her pupils—a man who had known better days, but whom drink had dragged down to a very low level.

She had reasoned and pleaded with him, and done all in her power to help him rise from the depths, but to no avail. His self-respect was crushed, and when that is paralyzed it is like writing on the sands of the seashore, the first wave of temptation sweeps all away.

Inly praying God to give him strength and herself wisdom and opportunity, she suddenly noticed a crowd before her, seemingly gathered around some object at the edge of the sidewalk.

"Probably some terrible accident," she said to herself, and turned, thinking to cross over to

the other side. Oddly enough the parable of the man who had fallen among thieves and been wounded, and whom the priest and Levite passed by on the other side, flashed into her mind, and she felt irresistibly impelled to give a keen glance. As she looked the surging crowd gave way a little, and to her horror she saw lying flat on his back in the gutter the poor drunkard who had been in her thoughts but a moment ago.

Their eyes met, and she saw that, muddled as his brain was, he still recognized her, and struggled helplessly to regain his upright position.

Recognizing her opportunity, without a moment's hesitation she bravely stepped forward, as one with authority, and in clear, distinct tones said: "Let me help you, Mr. Abbey," and stretching out her daintily gloved hand assisted him to rise, the crowd looking on with curious interest as he staggered up. Then laying his mud besmirched hand on her delicately apparelled arm he calmly walked down the thronged street, she steadying his uncertain footsteps with her youthful strength, nor relinquishing her kindly hold until they reached the door of his humble home.

"How could you do it, Agnes?—you, who are so proud!" said her sister to her, as they talked it over in the privacy of their luxurious bed-chamber, that night.

"I don't know, Grace," she replied with emphasis. "But there was nothing else to do, and so I just did it. You see I had been praying for an opportunity to reach his heart, and—there it was! I saw that if I turned away then I might talk forever and make no impression. But it was worse than death! I so feared strangers would fancy I was taking home my own father. I could not have done it had God not helped me."

"Actions speak louder than words." When the door closed on Agnes Hetherington's stately presence, Nathan Abbey, now thoroughly sobered by the long walk and its unusual circumstances, said solemnly: "God helping me, I will let drink alone from this hour. There must be something worth saving in me yet, or Miss Hetherington would never have done for me what she has done to-day. God bless her!"

And now, after more than half a score of years, Nathan Abbey, honored and respected, still lives to keep his word.—*Union Signal.*

ANSWERED PRAYER.

I was much struck, some time ago, by a remark which is to be found in one of Rev. W. Haslam's books, that he believed "our experiences as Christians were given to us for others." I am sending an account of the following direct answers to prayer, because I believe that they are a message from the Lord to some one of whom I know nothing. During the past night I awoke with the feeling that I ought to send them to *The Christian*; I was kept awake for nearly two hours with this one thought, and could not sleep until I had made up my mind to do so. They had not previously been in my mind, and I feel that there is something in it more than I am aware of.

Some two years ago my husband had a shop in the city. He was in great perplexity as to how he should meet certain bills that had become due. Business was very quiet, and he daily became more anxious. He had a diamond ring that had been in stock for an unaccountable time. It was marked at a very low price, and he was never able to understand why it did not sell. It had been in the window month after month, until he was tired of seeing it. He tried several times to sell it to trade buyers for what it cost him, but without success. Twice it was sent to the sale-room; but, although it was reserved at a much lower price than he had paid for it, it did not sell.

At last it was laid aside to make room for something more salable. In the midst of his trouble he thought of this ring, and was led to ask the Lord that he might sell it that day. When he dressed the window he placed the ring in it. It had not been there more than an hour, I think, when a gentleman came in and readily purchased it at a small profit to my husband. The sale of the ring did not help him out of his difficulties to any great extent; but it strengthened his faith. He know by this that although God saw fit to allow him to remain surrounded by difficulties, yet he had not forgotten him, and his ear was still open to his cry.

Again, my husband was seeking a business, and had been praying earnestly for guidance. One was brought under his notice through the agency of a Christian man, in a way so special and peculiar that he was led to suppose that it must be of the Lord. He made every possible investigation; took a week to consider and pray over it; and finally decided on having it. I, however, did not feel satisfied. I came to the conclusion that it was sent only to test him, and I prayed very earnestly that if it were not God's will he should have the business some insurmountable barrier might be raised. The hour was fixed for my husband to sign the agreement, and he was about to start to do so. Suddenly it flashed through his mind that he must not take it. He could not put the feeling aside, and, quite contrary to his usual habit, he was compelled to change his mind after coming to a deliberate decision. He found shortly afterwards that he had been preserved from a snare, and had escaped overwhelming difficulties. Was this not a very direct answer to prayer?

I come to what would appear to some a very trivial matter. I think that some of us are apt to shut God out of the little things of our lives. I have somewhat delicate health and need good living. The Lord has been pleased to allow misfortunes to happen which have made it difficult to obtain it. A few weeks ago I stood in special need in this matter. For days I pondered over it; I had the money in hand, but felt that it ought to be used for another purpose. I was greatly perplexed; both things were right, and I did not know which was most right. At last I did what I ought to have done before, I asked the Lord to guide me in the matter. I crossed the room to where the "Christian almanack" hangs, to look for the daily text, with no thought of an answer to my prayer in that; but my eye fell on these words, "Take some food, for this is for your safety." It seemed like a voice direct from heaven; and was it not? Under other circumstances, I should have spiritualized the words; as it was, I took them in the literal sense in which Paul uttered them.

I could tell of many more, but these are the only instances that are specially laid on my mind, therefore I refrain from mentioning others. We are just now in doubt as to our future course. Will Christians as they read this pray that we may be kept trustful. My husband desires to engage in active Christian work, but we pray that we may follow God's leading only. Please ask that, if it be his will, he will open a door.—*The Christian.*

MRS. MOFFETT'S CLASS.

BY MRS. A. E. C. MASKELL.

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in."—Matthew 25:35.

Mrs. Moffett had by far the largest class in the Second Church Sunday-school, and many wondered how it was, for Mrs. Moffett was a plain little lady, in a very plain garb, the wife of a hard-working mechanic. She had come a stranger to the city of B—— two years ago, and when she asked for a class in the Sunday-school the superintendent looked at her doubtfully and assigned her a seat in the back part of the church before two timid, rather awkward looking girls, with the remark, "They have just come in, and I hardly know where to put them. Suppose you take charge of them for to-day?"

"Then there is indeed a bond of sympathy between us, for I too am a stranger," said Mrs. Moffett, shaking the girls warmly by the hand while she smiled upon them.

"Why can't we have her for our teacher all the time?" said the bolder of the two.

"Indeed I should be pleased," said Mrs. Moffet. "Suppose, Mr. Lanning, you turn over all your strangers to me as fast as they come in. We will gladly take them in, won't we, girls?"

The girls nodded approvingly, but the superintendent added, "I trust any of the classes would gladly take them in; however, you shall have the first ones until your class is filled," and then he left Mrs. Moffet with her class; and in some way she enthused those two girls to seek out strangers and bring them into the school. Accordingly the very next Sunday she had four girls instead of two, and her class grew very rapidly after that. Strangers were glad to come into a class where they were so beautifully welcomed and appreciated, not only by Mrs. Moffet, but by each member of the class; and then they all became so thoroughly acquainted in such an amazingly short time that the other teachers began to wonder how Mrs. Moffet managed.

Any one of her twenty girls could have answered the question. Mrs. Moffet not only visited each one of her girls, but she gave them one evening in two weeks at her own home for social enjoyments, and appointed two girls each month to visit all the other members of the class, until there was a continual interchange of calls and visits; and best of all, when one was converted to God she prayed for the others. And then they had a system of giving. Mrs. Moffet herself gave ten cents every Sunday—ten cents that she felt—for it meant cooking at home with half the usual amount of eggs. One of the girls saved up all the family rag-money; another saved her candy-money; another gave one-tenth of her wages; another made and disposed of paper-flowers; and so on until the end; there are so many ways for strong healthy girls to pick up a few pennies.

A few of them did not understand at first, and went to their teacher with their trouble. But she always had some plan that was eagerly seized upon, and the result was that the largest collections in Sunday-school came from Mrs. Moffett's class.

"I can't understand," said the superintendent to the pastor of the church, "how Mrs. Moffett gets along so nicely with all those girls. Very humble, without any especial talents, where does she get her influence?"

"From God, my brother. She is a true child of God, and the Spirit cannot be quenched in such as she. Only the other day she said to me, 'Think how much God has honored me in giving me all those dear, precious girls to teach.' Superintendents too often make the mistake that the learned and wealthy are best fitted for Sunday-school teachers. God knows better than that, for he works through whom he will."—*American Messenger.*

ALL THAT IS NEEDED.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

The two friends walked home together from the evening lecture, but the brow of the one was clouded, as if the mists creeping up the village street had crept into his heart, while the other lifted his face joyously to the stars that shone high above the vapors.

"The pastor's rapturous conclusions were but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to me," sighed the first.

"But why?" exclaimed the other. "We have, in that precious eighth of Romans, seven glorious reasons for the Christian's joy. In the first place"—

"Oh, ay, the first place!" interrupted his friend, bitterly. "That's just the difficulty. Dr. P——'s eyes glowed, his face shone, as he looked around upon us to-night and read, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.' "'But, man,' I felt like crying back, 'how can I know that I am in Christ Jesus? I, weak, sinful, cold, unloving, unfaithful,—how can I know past a peradventure that to me belongs this priceless gift of freedom from condemnation?'"

The passionate voice ceased, and after a little space of absolute silence, the other said in a low tone, unsteady with strong emotion: "When the devil comes to me, John, along that track, I make a feint of yielding, like Joshua's thirty thousand at Ai. 'You do not know that you are Christs' the tempter says. 'No,' I answer; 'perhaps I do not know it.' 'What then? says the tempter. 'What then?' I replied,"—and here the speaker's voice unconsciously rang so clear that passers-by turned in surprise,—"why then, I will give myself to him this minute! Nothing then shall keep me back. I will give up my home, and friends, and life itself, if necessary; but I will be his, who died for me.' You could say that, John?"

"I think so; oh, yes, I know I could say that!" he answered.

"Then, John, that is all that is needed. It is just that surrender that makes you Christ's. When you can say that, you are already his, and none can pluck you out of his hand."—*Sunday School Times.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XIII.—MARCH 29, 1891.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.—Isa. 5:11-23.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."—Isa. 5:22.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

This chapter begins with a parable setting forth the peculiar privileges, guilt and doom of Israel. vs. 1-7. Then follows an enumeration of six sins of which Israel has been guilty, on each of which woe is denounced. Our lesson begins with the second. V. 11. This second woe is uttered against drunkenness. *Wine*, made of grapes. *Strong drink*, made of dates, pomegranates, apples; honey, barley and other ingredients. V. 12. *And the harp*—riotous mirth follows drunkenness. V. 13. *Therefore*—the sin is followed by its punishment, captivity, hunger, thirst and general mortality. V. 18, 19. The third woe, against presumptuous perseverance in sins in defiance of God's judgments. V. 20. The fourth woe, against those who confound the distinctions of right and wrong. V. 21. The fifth woe, against those who were so wise in their own eyes as to reject the counsels of the prophet. Vs. 22, 23. The sixth woe, like the second, is pronounced against drunkenness, with special reference to intemperate judges.

QUESTIONS.

With what parable does the chapter begin? What was represented by this parable? By what is the parable followed? Against what sin is the first woe pronounced? vs. 8-10. What sin is denounced in the second woe? vs. 11, 12. What punishment is threatened against it? vs. 13-17. Against what sin is the third woe uttered? vs. 18, 19. The fourth? v. 20. The fifth? v. 21. What connection is there between these sins? Against whom is the sixth woe uttered? vs. 22, 23. How does it differ from the second?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That intemperance is a most fearful sin.
2. That it is the fruitful source of other soul-destroying sins.
3. That it will be severely punished, both in this life and that which is to come.
4. That we should abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks and discountenance their use in others.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN KINGS.

LESSON I.—APRIL 5, 1891.

SAVED FROM FAMINE.—2 Kings 7:1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"—Ps. 107:8.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 6:24-33.—Afflicted with Famine.
T. 2 Kings 7:1-16.—Saved from Famine.
W. Gen. 41:46-57.—Famine in Egypt.
Th. Psalm 33:1-22.—Life in Famine.
F. Psalm 111:1-10.—Meat to them that Fear Him.
S. Psalm 146:1-10.—Food to the Hungry.
S. Psalm 107:1-15.—God's Providence over all.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Plenty Foretold. vs. 1, 2.
II. Plenty Discovered. vs. 3-11.
III. Plenty Enjoyed. vs. 12-16.

TIME.—B.C. 892; Jehoram king of Israel; Benhadad II., king of Syria.

PLACE.—Samaria, the capital of Israel.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

Study Home Reading for Monday. V. 1. *A measure*—"a seah," equal to a peck and a half. *Shekel*—about sixty cents. *In the gate*—the usual market-place. V. 2. *A lord*—a chief officer of the king. *Answered*—in sneering unbelief. V. 3. *Why sit we here*—it was death out of the Syrian camp; it would be no worse in it. V. 9. *We do not well*—it is neither safe nor right to use our knowledge for our own advantage and not tell it to the city. V. 13. *As all the multitude*—those who go out to spy the camp can fare no worse than those who remain. V. 14. *Two chariot horses*—Revised Version "two chariots with horses."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What great calamity came upon Samaria? (See ch. 6.) Whom did the king of Israel blame for this suffering? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PLENTY FORETOLD. vs. 1, 2.—What prophecy did Elisha make? Who disbelieved it? What sneering remark did he make? What was Elisha's reply?

II. PLENTY DISCOVERED. vs. 3-11.—Who were at the gate of the city? What did they do? What discovery did they make? What had caused the flight of the Syrians? What selfish act did the lepers first perform? What better thoughts came to them?

III. PLENTY ENJOYED. vs. 12-16.—What trick did the king suspect? What steps were taken to find out the truth? How was Elisha's prediction of plenty fulfilled?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God's plans never fail of their accomplishment.
2. That want of faith shuts out the benefit of God's provision.
3. That we who know the good news of salvation should tell it to others.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What great calamities were the Samaritans suffering? Ans. Seige by the Syrians and famine.
2. What prediction did Elisha make? Ans. He declared that the city would be relieved within a day.
3. How did one of the king's captains reply to this prophecy? Ans. With words of mocking unbelief.
4. How was Elisha's prophecy fulfilled? Ans. The Lord filled the air with the noise of a great host, and the Syrians fled.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE HOME AS A DISTRIBUTING CENTRE.

The beauty of a fountain is its overflow. The good it does outside of itself it does by means of its overflow. Deep down, out of sight, is the cool, clear pool from which the sparkling jets arise, but the world sees and finds refreshment in the overflowing streams.

The cultivated Christian home of these later times is something almost unique in its beauty. Its possibilities for good grow greater with every passing decade, and with every enlargement of the application of Christian principles. As the family is the unit in the church as well as in the state, it is to thoroughly good and righteous family life that the church must look for its greatest element of strength. That family life is strongest which regards itself, not exclusively in the individuals of which it is made up, but which looks at itself in its solidarity, in its wholeness, in its unbroken oneness. It is not, however, so particularly of what the family is in itself and for itself that we now speak, as of what the home may be and should be for others, outside itself.

Every home might doubtless ask itself with profit whether from its deep inner life an overflow richer in quality and in quantity and streams of life and refreshment steadier in their outgoing to a greater number all about it, are not possible, and for all reasons desirable.

As the fountain collects its waters from many a trickling rill, from the welling up of many underground veins of moisture, threading their way through the great rock-layers, from a thousand seen and unseen sources, so the home of to-day has poured into it numberless contributions from a thousand sources of knowledge, of education, of thought, of art, of culture, of religion,—never-ending streams of supply, which should pour out again in more beautiful and beneficent forms than those in which they entered them, even as the lovely jets of the fountain rise in arcs of finished beauty and fall in vitalizing showers. Indeed, without this constant outgoing we should sometimes feel that our homes were over-full,—that we could not assimilate all that we so increasingly receive. The relief to this plethora will come by distributing of our fulness to homes where there is a scarcity.

In respect of this material overflow, it is quite true that some homes are bound by their fulness of supply to be larger and freer distributing centres than others. How different the busy scenes in a large distributing office in our postal service and in the quiet country post-office with few letters and meagre relations with the great world! There should be an overflow in every home in accordance with its material advantages, and in a direct ratio to what so freely flows into it.

But it is in a far deeper sense than in the mere giving of external and material gifts,—though these, too, are oftentimes the channels of the spiritual,—that the home is to be a distributing centre. Centres, beside those furnished by churches and Sunday-schools, are needed all through society for the communication of new spiritual force, just as the nervous ganglia at different points serve for the storing up, and impartation of, fresh nervous force to the body. We touch here upon the mystery of the impartation of spiritual force from one person to another, which is the way by which the kingdom is carried on in this world; and although we cannot tell the precise manner of its working, nor analyse it too closely, lest the spirit escape in the dissection, we know that certain homes give out a helpful influence, that a breath of something divine is mingled in their atmosphere, and that life and regenerative influence flow out from them to whole neighborhoods. Such homes stand for God and goodness in the world.

To emphasize one of the ways, and one quite within the power of most homes, in which the home exerts its influence and diffuses its own spirit, we instance hospitality. Hospitality stands on the borderline of the spiritual and the material. In its form material, its best part is the accompanying power to bestow with the material and the substantial the gift of ourselves, our thoughts, our aspirations, our hopes, our beliefs, for the strengthening and stimulating of our guests. "The gift without the giver is bare." That we do occasionally find that we have entertained angels unawares, is perhaps the reward of our endeavor to present with the visible hospitality the invisible hospitality of the spirit also.

Hospitality is one way in which every family gives of the overflow of its life. And the old saying, that "every man's house is his castle," should not, in these days, be taken to mean that we are privileged to barricade ourselves against our fellows, and desperately keep the world at bay, but rather that our homes and houses furnish us a place where we can call together those whom we can benefit and please, and share our home life with them.

It is not always the home in which modern appliances most abound that is most helpful to those outside. It is the household whose sources of supply are deepest, that can most unfailingly furnish an outgoing and overflowing stream of good influence. It is the home whose interior life is one of thorough integrity, loving sympathy, and noble comprehensive Christian thought, that will tell on the community where it is placed. Every home can, in its own way, according to its peculiar genius and after its own ability, become a distributing centre of good,—the little homes as well as the larger, the humble as well as the grand, the poor as well as the rich ones. The spirit of ministry and service does not depend for its strength on the amount of material with which it has to deal.

Perhaps, in the intense individualism of the present time, the family idea, the family as the unit of society, has too much fallen into the background. It is not the divided family, rent by internal divisions, that effects good in a community. It is that family which is centred around a common idea,—that one whose unity springs from a common grafting into one Branch—that has a power for good. It is the family whose members are united in a common aim that has a cumulative influence according to its membership.

It is the nature of the over-full to overflow. How can we distribute that which we do not possess? Our homes cannot be distributing centres of good until they are good, and possess goodness in an overflowing measure. How small are our ideas of what God is willing to give us in order that we may dispense it! But, as Spurgeon says "God blesses us all up to the full measure and extremity of what it is safe for him to do." If we ask in order to consume the answers to our prayers on ourselves, we shall not receive; but if we ask in order that we may dispense God's good gifts, he will hear our prayer.

What is nearer the idea of heaven on earth than the true Christian home, where hearts are centred and anchored in each other's faithful affection? To reach out, from that firm rock, a hand to the buffeted and homeless ones,—to let streams of comfort flow out from our comfortable, well-ordered homes, is one design of God for the inmate of such a home. Who are so able to help the unsteady as those who have found a state of stable equilibrium, their hearts stayed on God, and resting in the roomy spaces of a great mutual affection?

"The heart grows so large, so rich, so variously endowed, when it has a great sense of bliss, that it can give smiles to some, and tears to others, with equal sincerity, and enjoy its own peace throughout all," says Hawthorne; and what is true of the individual is true of the family.—*Sunday School Times.*

TO BE A MODEL HOSTESS.

All the beautiful decorations on the table will amount to nothing unless the hostess herself wears, as a decoration, a charming manner and an absolute ignoring of anything except that which will give pleasure to her guests, says *The Ladies' Home Journal.* If mistakes should occur it will be wiser for her not to see them. If an awkward servant should stumble and upset a dish she should be as equable as if some one had only thrown a crown of roses about her. While it is her duty to permit no guest to be neglected, it is also her duty not to seem flustered or worried, and she is the best hostess always who manages to make people feel most at ease.

Don't attempt to do too much unless you have servants who are capable of carrying out your orders. A simple dinner, well served, is always better form than an elaborate one badly served, and with a half-cooked hostess at the head of the table. Invite people who will help make your dinner a success, people who talk well, and yet do not talk too much. Flashes of silence are as much of an art in conversation as are flashes of wit. Put together the people who will grow interested in each other, and under no circumstances yield to the selfish desire of some young woman who wants to be near somebody who wont be interested in her at all, and who will in this way cause a rift in the harmony you desire to achieve. Have your table as prettily decorated as you can, have your linen as immaculate as possible, have everything hot, as hot as it can be, and everything cold, well iced. Do not make the mistake of serving anything tepid; and as for yourself be as cool as your ice, as bright as the candle light, as charming as the flowers and as sweet as the bonbons that mean dinner is over.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, nor your hearts lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night.

When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in disappointment. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they don't find it at their own hearthstone, it will be sought at other and less profitable places.

Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand.

Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children. Half an hour of merriment around the firelight of a home blots out many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle.

Put home first and foremost; for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken; when you will "long for a touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still," and when your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song under every burden; to make each other happy. —*Exchange.*

A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.

Manual training is one of the few things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of beautiful work; it is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the things he must handle for a living afterwards; it is good for a bookish boy, to draw him away from books; but, most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him there is something he can do well.

The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody.

Let him go to the workmen for an hour and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brightest scholar—nay, very likely better than his brighter neighbor,—and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be a brighter and better boy for finding out something that he can do well.—*Selected.*

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING.

The most precious thing in the household is the mother, says Emily Huntington Miller in the *Home Magazine.* She is worth infinitely more to her children as a mother, a counselor, a close personal friend, a genial companion, a sympathetic teacher, a wise and watchful guardian, than she can possibly be as seamstress or caterer. Let her be slow to waste herself on duties that are not supreme, or lose the preciousness of her home-life by making herself a slave to what is not essential. Here is a piece of work she can do; but some beautiful purpose that might elevate her own and her children's lives could be accomplished in the same time, and must be set aside for it. What are her woman's wit and ingenuity for, if they can not help her to some device by which she can accomplish the double good of saving herself and putting the work and money into some other people's hands?

RECIPES.

HARD SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—*One half teacup* ful butter beaten with one teacupful powdered sugar. Add to this mixture the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with fruit juice, lemon or vanilla.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One cupful of sweet milk, one egg, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one spoonful each of butter and corn-starch; let all boil a few minutes, being careful to keep from burning; flavor with lemon.

POTATO SOUP.—Three pints of rich milk, or half-cream is preferable, one pint of mashed potatoes, two tablespoonsful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Boil the milk, add the potato and boil again, stirring frequently, that the potato may become thoroughly dissolved, and season just before serving. Serve very hot.

GRAHAM BREAKFAST GEMS.—For these take two cupsful of graham flour, take one cupful of white flour, two eggs well beaten and a little salt. These ingredients mix with sweet milk, enough to *make a thin batter, and bake in well-heated* greased gem-irons fifteen minutes.

APPLE TAPIOCA.—Soak one cup of pearl tapioca one and a half hours in water to cover. Peel and slice sour, juicy apples in an earthen pudding dish. Stir half a cup of sugar and a little salt into the tapioca, and pour over the apples and bake one hour. Serve with cream and sugar. This is a most delicious dessert and much used for invalids.

TAPIOCA FRUIT PUDDING.—Soak half a cupful of tapioca over night in nearly one quart of water. In the morning take one pint of pitted cherries (fresh or canned) and put in the bottom of a pudding-dish, with two-thirds of a cupful of sugar sprinkled over them. Put half a teaspoonful of salt in the tapioca, pour over the fruit, and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

RICE.—Pick and wash in three waters one quart of Carolina rice. Have your steamer ready *with the water boiling. Put the rice in a pan* with salt to taste, and one quart of cold water, set in the steamer and cover closely. From time to time stir the rice with a fork. It will require one hour to cook, and at the end of that time every grain will be tender and perfectly distinct.

CANDIED GINGER.—Make a syrup of one pound of granulated sugar, and a large cup of water. Place over the fire, let come to a boil, and skim. Cut a quarter of a pound of ginger root into small pieces, and put in some water to boil for an hour, drain off the water, pour some of the syrup over, enough to cover, and let boil an hour and a half, if the syrup cooks away add more; when the ginger is tender, take up, drain on a seive, let cool, and dust with granulated sugar, dip again in the thick syrup, set aside to cool, and when cold, roll in sugar again. The syrup should be boiled until it will crystalize the ginger.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—One quart flour, three large teaspoonsful baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt mixed well together. Add one large tablespoonful butter and enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Roll out into half-inch pieces. Peel and quarter some good tart apples. Put each quarter on a square of dough, sprinkle over it sugar, and press the edges firmly together. Place in a deep pan, sprinkle over sugar and a little cinnamon, and put a bit of butter on each. Fill the pan with water (boiling) just leaving top of dumplings uncovered. Serve with sweetened cream or hard sauce.

PUZZLES.—No. 5.

HIDDEN AUTHORS.

1. Philip L---at Ottawa, heard his speech.
2. A sneak eats more than he is worth.
3. As I went by Ronald's house I heard him singing.
4. The home rules the state.
5. Philip, open the door at once.
6. My brother Dick ensnared several wild birds.
7. My boy Eli, (others say) found a silver dollar.

ETHEL MACNISH.

PI.

Lichl rais dan nirtwy sniwd! Ym rea
Lha wrong arimlall twih royu nogs;
I erha ti ni eht nigenpop arey,
I selnit, dan ti shereo em goh.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Sir Henry (Bay in North America) and I went *skating one day a short time ago. We were* warned by General (Island in Lake Ontario) that the ice was not strong enough to hold such heavy men as we were. However, disregarding his warning, we went on the ice where we were met by Sir Randolph (River in North America.) In a few minutes Sir Henry (Bay in North America) who was the heaviest of the party, fell through the ice and when dragged ashore by Governor (Lake in Canada) was much exhausted. We took him to (Island on West coast of North America)'s *palace, where he was kindly treated by the Queen* who lent him her smelling salts and who introduced him to her son and heir-apparent. (Island on West coast of North America) who gave him a carriage to take him home.

JENNIE M. GAYNOR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 4.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Know the Lord. Hebrews 8. 11.

CHARADE.—Fieldfare.

SQUARE WORD.—

T H A T
H A R E
A R T S
T E S T

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

The following correct answers have been received: From Robert B. Layton, 1; Maggie Thompson, 1; Ethel MacNish, 2.

EDITOR PUZZLES.

The Family Circle.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair,
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O, little rose!

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

—*Selected.*

CHOOSING TIME.

A summer boarder was coming to the little house at the foot of Sunshine Summit. There had been plenty of summer boarders, ever since Marion Grey could remember, at all the White Mountain villages round about, but the foot of the stranger was not wont to intrude at Sunshine Summit—or rather at the foot of it, where the old brown house of the Greys dreamed on so silently.

It was a house that children had filled with laughter when Marion's father was a boy, but the others had scattered here and there, turning their steps some West, some South, and some to that farther country to which no earthly compass points.

John Grey had found himself, in his young manhood, alone in the home of his fathers, and had brought there a shy little wife to bear him company, and to these two grave, quiet people a daughter had been born who was not grave nor quiet—Marion.

The child had been an object of wonder to them from the first. They had had a curious feeling, when she was hardly six years old, of being unacquainted with her. They did not know why she laughed; they wondered what charm she found in sunsets and sunrises, what the birds said to her when she stopped her play to listen to and answer them.

Her great, earnest blue eyes that, even in childhood, could look so straight through and through them, that if they had had anything to hide, they would have been afraid; her soft, fine black hair waving about her face—none of it all seemed to belong to them, and they loved and wondered at her.

"I've heard that Aunt Catherine looked like that," Jane Grey said, meekly, and not without a little sense of awe; for Aunt Catherine was her mother's youngest sister, loved for her beauty, so the family tradition ran, and carried away by a stately foreign husband to dwell in marble halls somewhere or other. Would any such fate come to Marion?

Marion herself was too young to question destiny, though she certainly had thoughts beyond her years. She did not find the birds bad company, or the mountain torrents, with which she used to play at running races, or the shy hill flowers, which she and the spring found out together.

Before she was ten years old she used to try to make little sketches of all these things. She knew nothing whatever about art. She had seen no pictures, except those in certain illustrated papers and magazines, and those fearsome ones in Fox's "Book of Martyrs." She had never been to school, for the nearest schoolhouse was too far away for such a brotherless, sisterless little maid to be sent to it. Her father—not a bad scholar in the simple rudiments of study—had himself taught her to read and write, and "do her sums," and had given her some notions of geography and grammar. Between him and the child there was, perhaps, more of spiritual and mental kinship than between her and her quiet, meek little mother. He understood "his little maid" better than her mother did; and when he lay dying of pneumonia, and his two dear ones were bending over him, he said to Marion, only twelve years old at that time, with almost his last breath, "Take care of the mother," while it never crossed his mind to bid his wife take care of the girl.

Marion fulfilled his parting injunction faithfully. It was she who became the leader in everything. She found some one to come through the rest of that long, lonely winter and "do the chores," and the next summer she saw to the flowers and the fruit and the little crop of hay, and let nothing go to waste.

But, try as they would, they could not supply the father's place. The farm took care of them well enough, in his time, but when he had been dead a little more than a year, they had begun to see that, what with the lack of the owner's oversight, and what with the hiring of slow "Old Tim" to fill his place, they were getting behindhand, and must contrive some means to add to their small resources.

Of course it was Marion who suggested what this means should be. She had been sitting in a brown study before the smouldering winter fire, when suddenly she looked up, in her swift way, which always startled her mother a little, and made her feel that those far-seeing, too earnest blue-gray eyes were looking so deep into her heart that they must be finding out more than she herself knew was there.

"I have it, mother! We can take a summer boarder."

"One, Marion! That won't pay much, will it? And there is only one room that would do."

"Yes, mother, don't you see? That's my plan. We can't take care of more than one, so she must pay. We'll advertise for one only—charming, quiet place at the foot of Sunshine Summit; mother and daughter ready to devote themselves wholly to making her comfortable; no noise; no neighbors; rest."

"Why, Marion, it sounds just as if you had written advertisements all your life! I would wish to come myself, if I were not here."

Marion laughed.

"You are here, mother, and it is a quiet place, isn't it? And neighbors don't trouble you; and I'll send my advertisement to the *Transcript* to-morrow. I asked Squire Jones what paper to put it in."

"Why, Marion!" and the mother's eyes shone with delighted wonder. "You do beat all for thinking of everything!"

The advertisement was written and sent off, as Marion had planned, and then she began to make the house ready. It is a great mistake to suppose that taste and imagination have no purely domestic value. Without them Marion could never have turned the two rooms she meant for the summer boarders into such a dainty nest. The old brass fire-irons, as old as the Revolution, were as bright as hands could make them. In the fireplace a fire was laid ready to light, and a basket of pine cones stood nigh, with which the blaze could be brightened from time to time.

All the old-fashioned furniture, solid and respectable and in perfect order, was pleasantly disposed. In front of the fireplace was a little round table, with brass candlesticks upon it, and beside it a low chair whose soft crimson cushions invited the weary. Not far away stood John Grey's long unused desk. Everything was quaint, simple, clean, and with not a false touch anywhere.

One day Marion came home from the post-office with a letter. She found her mother in the rooms they had arranged for the hoped-for inmate.

"Don't they look pretty, Marion?" said Mrs. Grey, with beaming face, as the girl drew near.

"I really think they do," Marion answered, "and she is coming."

"She?"

"Yes—our boarder. Here is her letter. She is Mrs. Scammon, and we offer just what she wants—quiet, good attention, seclusion, rest. She is coming the first of May; and listen, little mother, she wants to make as much trouble as she pleases, and to be in a house where there are no other boarders, and she will pay us twenty dollars a week. There's prosperity, mother."

May day came at last, and with it Mrs. Scammon. She liked Sunshine Summit at once, and Sunshine Summit liked her. She had not come by coach, but had driven over from the nearest railway station in a light mountain waggon, and it happened that she reached the old Grey house just as sunset was clothing the Summit and the whole virgin world around it with a radiance that seemed born of heaven.

Mother and daughter heard the wheels at their gate, and came out with welcome on their lips. Mrs. Scammon thought they fitly belonged to the scene, and took them and it into her liking together.

Mrs. Grey was a slight, somewhat faded woman pretty as a wind-flower is pretty, which a breath might mar, with scant strength of mind or body, appealing to good-will through very helplessness.

Marion—she had passed her fourteenth birthday now—was as keenly alive as the young May world itself, from whose bosom the flowers were springing. She was no wind-flower; one thought, rather, of a young tree, as strong as it was graceful, which would outlast storms, and in which weaker things might take shelter.

Mrs. Scammon decided at a glance that Marion was the most remarkable girl she had ever seen, and as the weeks passed on, did not change her mind. The whole arrangement of things was ideally perfect. The travelled woman of the world, who yet had kept a certain simplicity of nature, loved the quiet and the solitude, the absolute rest in which she was dwelling, as a tired child loves the shelter of fond arms. For Marion she felt a something not unlike love which surprised her in herself.

She found out the girl's tastes, and shared them, as no one had dreamed of doing before. When she saw the rude sketches, made sometimes with pencil, sometimes with a bit of charcoal, sometimes with some forlorn attempt at color choked from grape juice or squeezed from the green of summer leaves, her trained perception recognized the artist soul in these clumsy expressions, and sent to Boston for a box of colors, which she instructed Marion how to use.

Of course the girl adored her. She had loved her father and mother deeply, but this was another thing—this new feeling into which romance came, and worship and doubt and all love's swift-winged ministers. What should she do when the summer was over? Sometimes she asked herself this question, and then it would seem to her as if already an autumn wind had swept bare her heart, and she shivered in the cold, uncomforted.

One day in the late August Mrs. Scammon announced her intention to climb to the top of Sunshine Summit. She was going up, she said, to find out what the sunsets and the sunrisings loved so on that old hill-top. She should be gone far enough away before long, and meant to see first how the world looked from the top of Sunshine Summit.

Marion thought once of offering to go with her, but her company had not been asked, and she shrank from the faintest approach of intrusion; and then there was her mother. The summer had told on Mrs. Grey. She had never been quite well since her husband died, and she was looking more than usually frail now. Marion knew that her strong young arms were needed to carry on the day's work.

(To be Continued.)

TWO LESSONS.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

"Boys," said Miss Hudson, quietly.

Fifteen inattentive boys gave attention, ten studious ones looked up from their books, while the faces of ten others grew expectant if not apprehensive.

"Something is wrong," continued the teacher in the same gentle tone; "your minds are not upon the lesson; What is it?"

The ten studious boys looked about wonderingly, five roguish boys laughed outright, while ten others seemed to nerve themselves for coming conflict.

"Will not some one tell me?" asked Miss Hudson, again.

"Johnny Hoyt has a squirrel in his pocket; you can see the tail sticking right out now," said a weak voice from the corner.

This was followed by much laughing, and strong efforts on the part of the uninitiated to see the tail, while the frowning faces of a few, including Johnny Hoyt, boded ill for the informer. The school was now thoroughly demoralized, but amid the confusion all heard the cheerful voice of the teacher.

"A squirrel?" she repeated, with great apparent interest; "do let me see the little creature; bring him here, Johnny."

The boy arose with evident reluctance, and slowly approached the table; thirty-four boys grew strangely attentive, as he stopped within a few feet of his teacher.

"Let me take him, Johnny," said she; and all noticed how fearless yet gentle was the touch of the hands that received the little creature.

"There is no animal more harmless and interesting than the squirrel. Can any one tell me the use of this bushy tail?" said Miss Hudson, holding up that appendage to view.

"For ornament," said one. "To keep him warm," said another. "For a balance," added a third.

"And his ears," continued Miss Hudson; "can you tell why they are not long like those of the dog or rabbit?"

A variety of answers followed this question, and in turn, toes, eyes, teeth, and the habits of the squirrel were dwelt upon, until a half-hour had been spent.

"Johnny," said the teacher, with a smile, as she looked at her watch, "how much time do you need to carry this dear little squirrel home?"

"Fifteen minutes," said the boy, promptly.

"Do not waste time, please, for we have much to do to make up for a lost half-hour,—not this, but the previous half-hour,—time spent in the study of God's creatures is never lost time."

Thirty-four quiet, attentive boys returned to the interrupted lesson, and in less than fifteen minutes Miss Hudson smilingly greeted the breathless Johnny.

There was an animated discussion on the playground after school.

"Isn't she a lady?" asked one triumphantly.

"My!" said another; "I thought Johnny'd catch it when he got near her."

"Yes," said a third, "I thought she'd catch him by the ear or collar, or something, and give him a great whipping; that's the way Miss Grimshaw used to do."

"Hurrah for the new teacher!" said a fourth; and the cheers that went up reached the ears of the unconscious teacher in the vacant school-room.

Across the hall, in room No. 8, Miss Grimshaw found the same atmosphere of inattention. Calling to her aid certain qualities invaluable in a detective, and upon which she prided herself, she soon discovered a squirrel in the pocket of Johnny Hoyt's younger brother.

"Bring that squirrel to me, Harry Hoyt," she commanded in tones that terrified the timid and caused even the stout-hearted to cower. Harry did not obey.

"Come at once," she repeated, taking a stout stick from the drawer.

Still Harry remained in his seat.

With a wrathful face and rapid movement, Miss Grimshaw approached Harry's seat, and seizing the boy by the collar, with a vigorous jerk succeeded in removing him to the aisle, and thence, in spite of wild clutching at desk and settee, to the platform in front of the school.

"Take that squirrel from your pocket," commanded the same excited voice.

Tremblingly the boy obeyed, and a crushed and bleeding creature lay quivering for a moment in his hand before its little life went out forever. Tears rolled down the face of the boy,—tears of grief for the loss of his pet, tears of pain and tears of mortification and anger.

"Throw it into the waste-basket," commanded Miss Grimshaw, still retaining her hold upon the arm that endeavored to conceal and remove the tears.

Punishment followed that was scarcely felt by the distressed boy, and amid silence almost painful, another interrupted lesson was resumed.

Two lessons not found upon the pages of text-books had been given that morning.—*Journal of Education.*

HUMILITY is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman.*

THE LATE DR. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN, F.S.A.

DR. SCHLIEMANN.

BY REV. JAMES JOHNSTON.

As the curtain was closing on the year 1890 the world lost one who will be forever remembered as the discoverer of ancient cities and relics in the Troad and Greece. In the course of eighteen years of unwearied toil this notable man had made researches which placed him on a level with Layard in Nineveh or Petrie in the Fayum. The noble ambition of Dr. Schliemann, which in his 69th year he was in further pursuit of, might have evoked for him a title, "the hero as explorer," had Thomas Carlyle been in the land of the living. Dr. Schliemann's life-narrative, especially his early struggles for existence, exhibits striking features.

Son of a humble pastor—a man of truthful simplicity—in Mecklenberg, Dr. Schliemann, from very boyhood, contracted a passion for Grecian antiquities. Everything which related to the literature, personages and art of Greece he read with avidity and in subsequent years fully realized his dreams of exploration. By a stroke of ill-fortune the father met with unexpected reverses and his promising son was obliged to become apprenticed in a small shop. Amid many difficulties and severe privations young Schliemann followed his fascinating studies. After holding a clerkship he carried on business as a merchant first in his own country and later in South America, where he acquired a fortune of half a million thalers. Possessed of this comparative wealth he exclusively devoted himself to his mission of unveiling the classic sites of Greece. He had the linguistic faculty of a Vambery or Burton. Without the aid of teachers he was familiar with English, Italian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, and parts of other languages.

It was in 1870 that the successful man of commerce opened his second career in the domain of historic fields and ruins. Together with an accomplished wife, his strenuous fellow-laborer, Dr. Schliemann more or less excavated Hissarlik, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Ithaca, Marathon, and smaller centres of interest. In their originality his methods of operation vied with the scope and exhaustiveness they displayed. Some months ago he proposed to employ tramcars and like enginery to expedite the entire uncovering of Hissarlik. Around the work of Dr. Schliemann and a gifted colleague, Dorpfeld, a strong controversy raged, led by Herr Botticher. This savant contended that the remains of the supposed Hissarlik and of the Treasury of Priam, in particular, represent a necropolis, and not, as conjectured, a fortified town. The two scholarly excavators were willing to submit the question to a thoroughly qualified commission, whose published report indicated belief in the existence of an ancient city, certainly a garrisoned town, on the site, which had a marked similarity to Tiryns and Mycenæ. It was observed that the witness of sun-dried and of burnt bricks at Hissarlik were distinct proof of the antiquity which Dr. Schliemann assigned to the matchless sculptures and erections so graphically corresponding with the glories of Mycenæ or Tiryns, century upon century in age. Earnest discussions gathered about every "find," although these were far less burdensome than the obstacles arising from Turkish officialism, Greek cunning, fevers, storms, and landslips. With characteristic generosity Mr. Schliemann, a genuine Sesame, presented the triumphs of his spade to the National Museum at Berlin and the Ethnicon Museum in Athens, which are now classed among the most marvellous galleries in the world. His liberality calls for special admiration when it is known that the researches which he conducted with such tremendous energy entailed an enormous personal outlay. The Doctor was learned in the lyric and tragic poetry of Greece and its illustrious authors, not omitting Pausanias a veritable old-world Baedeker. In authorship Dr. Schliemann was rather productive than voluminous. Nine important works came from his pen, "Mycenæ," 1877, with a preface by Mr. Gladstone, occupying the first place.

The mere treasure-seeker in Greece finds to-day his calling gone. In the person of M. Kavvadias, Director General of Monuments, the Hellenic Government is fully alive to the priceless relics and the urgency of preserving them uninjured. Exportation of treasures is strictly forbidden and consequently as Dr. Waldstein lately remarked the galleries of the land are being so rapidly stored that Greece ere long will be transformed into a vast museum. Henceforth the mission of the explorer will mainly consist in restoring bygone periods of life and reproducing the various phases of remote civilization for which the splendid investigations of Dr. Heinrich Schliemann will be gratefully cherished.

Bolton, Lancashire, England.

ASKING THE PRINTED QUESTIONS.

BY REV. N. SHUPP.

One of the great mistakes many of the Sunday-school teachers of to-day make in the use of lesson helps is the habit of asking only the printed questions in class work. It is not an unusual thing to hear teachers ask none others than the printed questions they find in their helps, and, when through with them, they are through teaching for that session. No application of the lesson is made, nor is there any effort to adapt the lesson to the needs of the class. Such teaching, to say the least, must be ineffective in accomplishing the object of the Sunday-school. It is frigidly mechanical, and a cause why, in so many classes, there is so little or no interest. The printed questions are not intended to do the teacher's thinking, nor to relieve him from the labor of framing his own questions. Nothing is more absurd. The printed questions are intended as helps—guides for the teacher to form his own questions. They form a sort of central thought and thread for the outline of the lesson. Occasionally some of these may be asked, but no teacher can afford to allow himself to become a slave in the use of them.

There are four things which the Sunday-school teacher should observe in order to be a successful teacher:

1. He should thoroughly master each lesson in its historical, biographical, geographical, chronological, and, last but not least, in its moral and spiritual bearing. This requires an early beginning and close application of the study of the lesson. To do this, the teacher is not only allowed but urged to get all the helps he possibly can. Let him read notes, commentaries, questions, illustrations, parallel passages, &c. But let me emphasize that too much stress can not be laid upon the necessity of a complete mastery of the lesson in hand before going to class. Get all the light you can, and be sure you get the bulk of it from heaven by earnest closet work.

2. When the lesson is thoroughly mastered, the teacher will see material enough in it to ask hundreds of questions. His next great work is to frame this material into questions and convey it to the hearts and minds of the class. He must know his class—each individual in it—and, in the framing of his questions, he must adapt himself to the capacity of his class. If the class be not far advanced, the questions should be simple and easily grasped. If the class be advanced, they may be more comprehensive. The answer often must suggest to pupil and teacher other questions to expand the thought and make it more clear. Let these questions so suggested be asked either by the teacher or pupil. It will create an interest and awaken calls for an exchange of thought. It will give flexibility to class work, and will do away with that mechanical coldness that has frozen out so many classes. Use your printed questions only as helps.

3. The teacher must observe that correct answers are given to the questions asked. Not any kind of answer will do. It need not necessarily be given in exact form, nor clothed in certain language, but it must be the answer to the question. Incorrect answers are often allowed to pass. This is because the teacher is not quite clear as to the correct answer to the printed question. One forming his own questions is sure to know the answer thereto.

4. The questions should not be so framed as to reach the head only, but the heart also. The first and great aim of the Sunday-school teacher must be to reach the heart through the head. The truths of God's Word must be firmly planted in the mind, and that in distinctive characters, and then, by the aid of the Divine Spirit, made to take hold upon the heart.

Try it, dear teacher. Stop asking the printed questions in your lesson helps. Form your own questions. Commence immediately after your lesson is taught on Sunday to study the next lesson. Imagine your class before you. Take each thought and study it, form your questions and ask them in imaginary class work. Occasionally write all the answers out in full, then commit them, not the exact form and wording, but the sense and meaning. By a little practice of this kind you will realize how soon you may acquire the ability of forming and asking your own questions, and your work will be more satisfactory to all.

—*Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.*

EXCAVATIONS AT HISSARLIK, THE HOMERIC ILIUM OF DR. SCHLIEMANN.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE FIGURES.

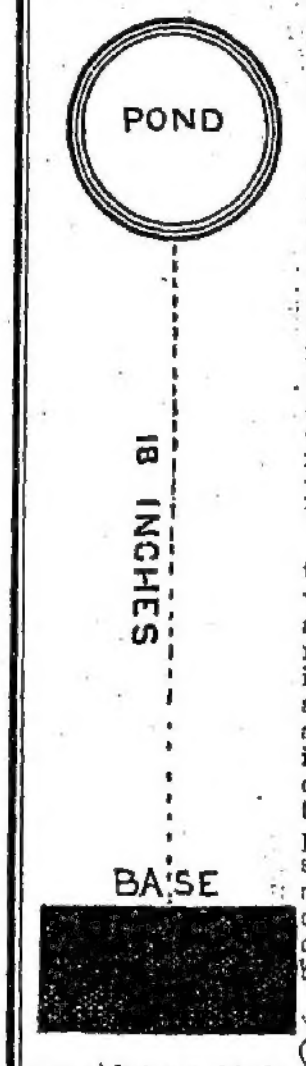
THE BABES IN THE WOOD: A GAME.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

You all have read the melancholy tragedy of the "Babes in the Wood." But here is a game in which a skilful player can save the babes, and make it no tragedy after all. Two or more persons can easily play the game.

First draw on card-board, and then cut out, two figures to represent the ruffians, two to represent the wolves, two babes, and two robins. By bending back the lower part of each figure, you can make a sort of pedestal for it to stand upon, as indicated in the diagrams.

Perhaps you will criticise the robins as being rather large in proportion to the other figures; but you must excuse their size by what is sometimes called "artistic" license.



Stand the figures so that they will form a row at one end of a table, about two inches apart, in the order here shown. In front of them, about three inches from the row of figures, place a saucer; and at eighteen inches from the saucer place a paper-weight or book.

Each player now takes a strip of stiff writing paper, about an inch wide, and rolls it up into what is commonly called a spill. An ordinary steel pen slipped into the small end of a spill, between the folds of the paper, will make it shoot with a more accurate aim. All draw lots to determine which shall begin.

The first player takes his spill (which is called his arrow) between his finger and thumb, and, planting one end on the table against the paper-weight, presses it down, so that it will shut up, after the manner of a telescope; then, if suddenly released, it will spring off in the direction of the row of figures.

Now, the object of each player is to knock over with his arrow one of the ruffians, or one of the wolves, and to avoid touching either the babes or the robins.

If he knocks one of the ruffians or wolves over backward, he counts two points; if it falls forward, he only counts one.

If he knocks either of the babes or robins over backward, two are either taken from his score, or, if he prefers, added to that of his opponent,— or of every one of his opponents, if more than two are playing.

If the babe or robin falls forward, it takes off only one point.

If the arrow falls into the saucer, or pond, the player is said to be "drowned," and his entire score is wiped out, and he must begin again.

Each player takes three shots in succession,—picking up his arrow, and shooting from the paper-weight as at first, but leaving any of the figures he may have knocked over lying were they fell until the next player's turn.

If he knocks a babe or a robin down before he has made any score, then of course every one of his opponents scores.

If he is drowned before he has made any score, then every opponent counts six.

The player who first counts twenty wins the game, unless one of the players has so far avoided knocking down either of the babes or robins.

In that case the game goes on, and if that player can count twenty, without knocking down either of the babes or robins, before any one of his adversaries count thirty, then he is said to have saved the babes, and wins the game.

If, however, every player knocks down a babe or a robin, the player first making twenty of course wins the game.—*St. Nicholas.*

THOSE BOYS: A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

"Yes, I'm delighted of course that Grandon and his wife are coming. The city must be dreadful this hot weather," and Esther Bradford as she said it glanced over her spotless rooms and out upon the waving meadows and the closely-shaven grass plat before the door, over which the rose leaves were falling. "They'll enjoy country life for a few weeks; but then, those boys!"

"Yes, those boys will be delighted with the freedom they enjoy here," said Uncle Harry. "A boy who never gets a taste of country life is defrauded of his birthright, for God made the country. We'll be gay, though, when young Grandon and Vick are here."

"Gay enough," replied Aunt Esther, ruefully. "My one thought when those boys are here is, what will they find to do next? Such reckless little fellows! I wonder they have lived so long."

Uncle Harry laughed. Dear, thoughtful Aunt Esther was so nice and orderly, so careful for everybody's welfare, that she really had no time to think of anything else.

When the Bradfords came "those boys" fully carried out the reputation they had achieved. In company with two little cousins, as full of fun and frolic as themselves, they had what they termed "jolly good times."

"Hark! that is the car whistle," said Aunt Esther to pretty Mrs. Grandon Bradford, who was all ready for a walk. "I wish I knew where those boys are. I believe I'll run up and see if they are near the railway track. Some way I'm fearfully uneasy about them."

"Dear Esther, if you had the care of those boys all the time, as I do, you'd give over worrying about them, said her guest. But the words had scarcely left her lips when one of the four boys, who were always together, came running up white and breathless.

"Grandon's hurt on the track, and—and the train!" and he burst into tears.

Now Aunt Esther had all she wanted to do to care for the wretched mother, who, attempting to run to the help of her child, could only stand and wring her hands and cry. A few moments later they saw a man coming with his helpless burden, while the doctor came up on the other side with the other little cousin. Poor Grandon was insensible, and one arm hung broken by his side. The first thought was to care for him; and when the doctor had set the broken bones, and bandaged the arm, the boy opened his eyes.

Then Uncle Harry asked, "How did it happen, and who lifted him off the track?"

"Little Vick must have done it," said Harry, "for he lay on the track when I came away. Oh, but he's a plucky little chap, I can tell you. He just said, 'John, run for the doctor,' and 'Harry, call a man and tell his mother,' and we ran, and the whistle blew, and Grandon lying on the track and a big timber, too," and the child shuddered.

"But how came he with a broken arm lying upon the track?" said Aunt Esther, who looked hopelessly confused.

"I was trying to drop a stone into the smoke stack when the train came by," said Grandon, faintly. "Tell them all about it Vick."

Thus adjured, little Vick, who was the youngest of the four, said modestly:

"We were all on the bridge where the road goes over the railway, and Grand climbed out on a long timber and the brace came down with him. We thought he was killed dead, but I put my face down to him and he was warm. Then the whistle blew and I just had to pull Grand off the track and the big timber, too. I got 'em off just in time, for the big freight train went by not half a minute after."

Vick did not understand why he was hugged and kissed and called a brave little general and a hero, and why they put his name in the papers. The timely action of the boy had saved his brother's life, and the train from going down a steep embankment, by the removal of the timber, but he said, "I just had to do it, for the train was coming."

Grandon was so badly hurt that no one reproached him. "I tell you, Aunt Esther, the track and the gravel was a hard place for a boy to light on," he said, and Aunt Esther was so thankful that "those boys" were spared that she only shed a few grateful tears.

The boy was still enough for many weeks, but by and by, with his arm in a sling, he could sit out of doors and watch the bees gathering honey in the sweet red clover, and see the golden buttercups and the pretty white daises nodding in the breeze. But, oh! the barns and the bird's nests. Would he ever be able to climb a tree again?

THE PAPER SPILL, OR ARROW.

Very probably, for one day in his explorations he found a huge paper wasp's nest, with shining black wasps going in and out; if only it wasn't quite so high up he would have that nest, and see how it was made. There were plenty of empty barrels in the corn crib where the nest was built. These he could manage with one arm. Very soon he had one in position, and climbing upon it he began punching the nest to bring it down. Instead of its falling quietly, a stream of black wasps came pouring forth, and a moment later Aunt Esther saw the crib door burst open and a barrel, a boy with his arm in a sling, and a stream of angry wasps came plunging out.

There was more work for the doctor, for the damaged arm must be repaired again, and the "jolly good times" were over for one summer.

"Those boys" are men now, fighting the battles of life, but they will never forget Aunt Esther's pleasant home nor the railway episode and the wasps' nest.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

HUNGRY ELEPHANTS.

HOW THEY GRATIFY A TASTE FOR DAINTIES.

One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows and lowlands of Central Africa.

When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots, especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics.

If the tree is loose, the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk firm around the tree, and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here, experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so, without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over, and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk.

African travellers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down, one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies than to suppose that hungry elephants had been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts, and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him,—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one,—or, if he cannot find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them, as if they were crowbars, deep under the roots, and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it, and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.—*Carl D. Haskins.*

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

HOUSE-CARRIERS UNDER WATER.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

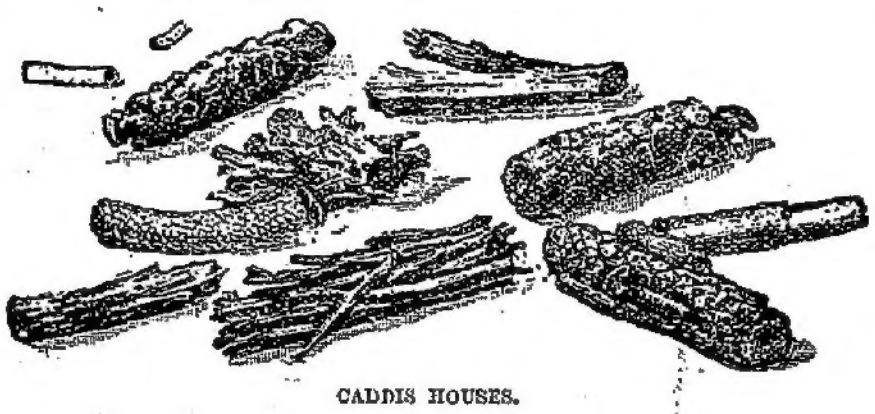
(Author of "Pastoral Days," "Happy-Hunting-Grounds," etc.)

There is a house-builder that few of us ever see in its home—the caddis. He lives on the pebbly bottom of the stream or the shallows of the pond. Even as we stood upon the black ice at the edge of the dam, gathering our bag-worms, we need only have lain down upon the ice and looked beneath to have seen our caddis crawling upon the bottom, leisurely lugging its stone cottage or log cabin around with it. But who would ever think of going "bug-hunting" in winter? This stream, locked fast and muffled in ice, or bubbling beneath the snow-drift, its overhanging icy border fringe crowding close upon the ripples in the intense cold, would hardly invite the naturalist as a likely field for specimens. The city naturalist who happens to keep an aquarium knows with what difficulty he can keep it stocked in the winter months if he would depend alone upon the dealers in aquarium supplies. A few lizards, polliwogs, and gold-fish are almost their only stock in trade at this season, with perhaps a fine show of green moss in bunches, picked in the woods, which "looks pretty" under water. "But I want some plants, snails, water-beetles, and craw-fish" I said to such a dealer recently. "Oh, you can't get anything of that kind now, you know," he replied. "They're all dead or froze up. We'll have plenty of 'em in the spring."

CADDIS FLIES AROUND A CANDLE.

Nevertheless the film of ice over the pond or stream need be no barrier to the winter naturalist. The mud at the borders of the bank holds a lively harvest, and does not seem to care a snap for the seasons. One good scoop with a stong net will sometimes bring up a veritable summer haul of specimens—fish, frogs, water-beetles, lizards, water-boatmen, dragon larvæ, and occasionally a dainty case of the caddis, resembling one of the group which I have here picked from yonder pool and laid upon the snow. I have a number of these cases before me as I write, and they are really beautiful works of insect art. As a rule, each species of caddis is true to some particular whim in building or in the choice of materials for its domicile. Here are two that seem to have taken a hint from the bag-worms and think there is nothing to compare with sticks and leaves. They are about an inch and a half long. Another carefully selects tubular pieces of floating grass stems or straws, enlarging the tube as its growth requires by slitting up the side and fitting in a strip of new material; afterward perhaps decorating the exterior with a few stray chips or pebbles.

But the most interesting of all are the dwellings of the stone-builders, actual mosaic tubes of carefully selected pebbles, all joined edge to edge, and neatly closed at the rear opening by a carefully fitted pebble of larger size. And one there is, the glassy abode of the smaller caddis, a perfect marvel of mosaic art. A small, slightly curved tube about three quarters of an inch in length, shown directly above the stick case in the illustration, the crystal palace of the most exquisite and gifted artist among all the caddis fraternity. The tube is composed of minute glassy flat pebbles, joined edge to edge with the most skilful exactness, and is often so transparent that when wet the form of the dweller may be seen through its wall. Here may the human worker in stained-glass find his matchless model. An artist too that accomplishes his task without resort to metal frame or solder, the edges of his glass being joined by some insoluble cement of which he holds the secret. The art of the bag-worm appears almost commonplace by the side of this rare product. With its ready reserve of silk it is an easy matter for the bag-worm to weave a mere pouch, while the further attachment of the sticks and leaves is mere pastime; but what shall we say of the intelligence that gleans among the pebbles beneath the water, constructing a mosaic tube about its body, even in the current of the stream. This is what the caddis larva does. This case of the caddis serves as a protection against its enemies; and while the basket-carriers in the trees are keeping an eye out for the birds, dodging into their case and literally "pulling the hole in after them," or drawing it close against a twig, on the approach of the enemy, the caddis is continually on the alert for hungry prowling fish that know a tidbit when they see it. The number of empty shells to be found in every caddis pool would seem to show that the fish know all about caddis. I was once greatly amused at the sly arts of a tiny rockfish in my aquarium that soon left nothing but empty shells to show for my caddis and my snails. His plan of operation was to steal up from behind as the unsuspecting victim was regaling itself in the water, and with a sudden dash grasp the head of his prey, when, after a vigorous shake and determined grip, the shell was released, and the victorious fish retired to its corner among the pondweed to think which of the two yonder—snail or caddis—it would rather have for supper.



CADDIS HOUSES.

I have said that few of us ever see the caddis in its home. And yet he is an old acquaintance with most of us. There are few summer evenings when he does not make himself perfectly at home around our "evening lamp" in the country, that brown circling moth-like insect, with steep-sloping wings, and such a powerfully strong odor, being in truth the perfected product of these tube-cases beneath the water. A collection of caddis cases makes a very interesting exhibit. I have shown a group of the cases of six foreign species, but it is possible that any one of them may yet reward our search in our native pools. I have found three specimens that closely resemble some of them.

MY STORY.

BY A PISTOL.

When I was about twelve years old, I decided that I was old enough to own and carry a pistol. Other boys not as tall as I was could boast the ownership of a pistol; so one evening, as father was drawing on his gloves, I astonished him by asking permission to buy a pistol.

"A pistol! Whom do you want to shoot?"

"No one, sir. I only want to learn to shoot properly."

"What do you call proper shooting, my son?"

"Hit what you aim at, of course."

"Indeed, some people hit things they do not aim at."

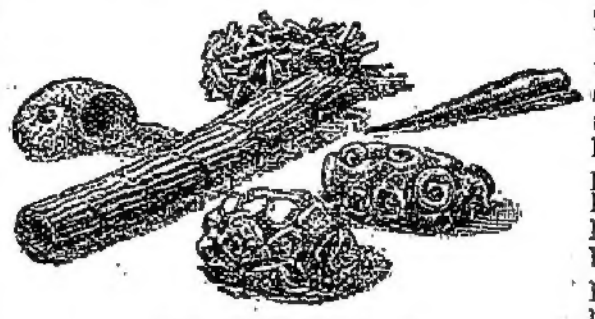
"Certainly; but I should try to avoid blunders."

"My son, I don't think you have any real need of a pistol."

"But, father, suppose I should meet a mad dog, or a—a gorilla?"

Father smiled. "John," said he, "I am a great deal older than you, and I have never met either a mad dog or a gorilla; whenever I do I will get you a pistol, not before."

Where there is a will there is a way. My will was good enough, if I could only contrive the way, so I kept planning over and over how to get the coveted treasure. After I went to bed, I lay awake thinking of nothing but a pistol. I had been in bed about thirty minutes when there came a rap at my door; supposing it was my mother, I said, "Come in." What was my astonishment to see a pistol walk in. I rubbed my eyes to assure myself that I was not asleep; then I sat up in bed.



FOREIGN CADDIS CASES.

"How do you do?" said the pistol, walking up and seating himself on my bed. I stammered out something about not expecting company.

"Of course, it is an unusual hour for callers, but, knowing how much you wanted a pistol, I felt it my duty to come immediately."

"I believe I prefer a dumb pistol," I faltered.

"Ha! ha! one that won't fire, with a gorilla within two feet of you."

"I—I mean, sir, one that can't walk off and leave me, you know."

"Well," said the pistol, "I did not suppose you would want me, no one does when he hears my story. It is a very sad one, and I never tell it to any one but boys."

And without further delay he began: "When I was quite young, a very foolish father bought me for his son John. He was about your age and size. He was very kind to me, handled me tenderly; kept me well polished, fed me well, took me with him almost everywhere he went, except to school. This the principal positively forbade; but as my education was born with me, all completed, I did not care about going to school. I was allowed to go to all the horse-races, fairs, circuses, etc. I even went to church once when the twins were christened, and when Miss Bess was married I occupied a place on the mantel where I could see the wedding ceremony. Ah! those were happy days."

Here the pistol stopped as if unable to continue.

"Will you please finish your story, Mr. Pistol," I ventured to remark.

"Ah! yes; I was thinking of the last time I accompanied my young master. It was the night of the Fourth of July. We went out to have a good time. All the boys were out sending up sky-rockets, etc., etc. In the midst of the fun, two of the boys got into a quarrel about some fire-crackers. My master was called up for a witness. One of the boys disputed his word; this brought on another quarrel. My master called the boy a liar, whereupon the boy struck my master; then—Oh, the horror of that moment!—my master drew me out of his pocket, and before I could utter a remonstrance, fired! There was one piercing shriek. The boy fell dead at my master's feet. Then the horrible cry of murder rang out. My master dropped me and fled for his life. I tried to conceal myself under the sidewalk, but I was found and brought into court as a witness against my loved young master. I was forced to speak the truth, and after a long trial the jury brought in a verdict of 'guilty.' Oh, it makes me heart-sick whenever I think of it! How white my young master was, and when the verdict was rendered he fainted. Then the father cried out: Oh, it was all my fault! If I had not bought that miserable pistol! Oh, my poor boy!' Then everybody began to cry. That was the last time I ever saw my beloved master. Since then I have had several owners. The next one shot himself in the leg by his careless handling of me. The next one fired me off accidentally in the house, and scared the baby into fits. My next owner, in trying to kill a chicken for dinner, shot his neighbor's pet dog, and had to pay ten dollars to keep it out of a law-suit. The next man who got possession of me came near killing his wife, supposing her to be a burglar. Just now I don't belong to anybody; my last owner lost me after paying eight dollars for me. I hope no one will ever find me. I was born an unlucky creature. I don't think I was ever of any real use to anybody. On the contrary, I have been the indirect cause of a great deal of trouble. I have caused the death of one person, imprisoned one, wounded a third, threw the baby into fits, killed a pet dog, made enemies of friends, narrowly escaped killing a man's

wife, cheated a man out of eight dollars, and have never had a chance to kill a mad dog, or a gorilla. I'm a dangerous companion for boys. Parents have no business to buy pistols for the careless handling of passionate boys."

Just here somebody gave me a vigorous shake, and mother said: "How sound you do sleep, John! Will you never wake up this morning?"

When I went down, father asked me if I still wanted a pistol. I told him no, I'd rather have a tin rattle.

"But if you should meet a mad dog, or a gorilla, what would you do with a tin rattle?"

"About as much as I would do with a pistol; throw it down and run."

I am now forty years old. I never did own a pistol, never had any use for one. I have never met either a gorilla, or a mad dog. I'm thankful that Mr. Pistol came and told me the story of his adventurous life, or I might have owned a pistol and been a murderer.—*The Housekeeper.*

AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

The Winstead church entertained the convention so prettily, serving the dinner at small tables set in a circle about the commodious conference room, so that the delegates gained as much, perhaps, in the familiar chat over methods of work as they did by the public exercises.

"The classes in our Sunday-school are too large, but I don't know what we can do about it," said Mrs. Douglas of Springbrook. "I am fond of teaching, but at present my class is a trial to me. It is very hard to interest from twelve to twenty young women when only a few of them are willing to be interested, and when the brightest girl in the class puts herself on a level with the silliest one, and by laughing at her attempts at wit succeeds in demoralizing the whole class at every session."

"How many would you enjoy having in your class?" asked Mrs. Miller, from the opposite side of the round table.

"Four or five or six unconverted girls, or boys and girls together, I should not mind. I should feel as if there was a possibility of my doing something with a class like that."

"Do you not think it best to have church members in the same classes with those who are not?" asked an elderly lady at Mrs. Miller's right.

"Not as a rule. It is easier to do personal work in a small class, and you feel more free to press the subject of salvation to the unconverted when there are no Christians present to criticise your methods."

"I can appreciate that," said another member of the small circle, modestly. "In my class there are three unconverted girls, much younger than the other members of the large class, all of whom are professing Christians. For some time I have been anxious for a little talk with these three girls, and last Sunday I thought I was to have my opportunity as the others went immediately after the preaching service to attend a funeral, but presently, to my sorrow, the most volatile girl in the class came straggling in.

"'Oh, my pencil!' she exclaimed in a loud whisper. 'I've lost my pencil! My kingdom for a pencil! I want to draw a picture of the superintendent in that new high collar. Oh, I'm hungry!' and so on to the end of the lesson, not answering a question or following the lesson so as to be able to find her place when called upon directly. She soon had my three little girls laughing; all the good influence of the lesson was lost, and I went home and cried until I had a sick headache."

"Why did you not reprove her?"

"She would have taken immediate offence. There was nothing for me to do but to submit and endure."

"But to pray for her."

"Oh, do you think I have not done that for all the years that she has been a constant annoyance?"

"Perhaps you would like to know what my teacher was led to do in a somewhat similar emergency," said the only young girl in the little circle. "Ours is a very large class, and dear Miss Hopkins, our teacher, is often sadly tried with them, I know. I like fun and am just as jolly as the other girls at a proper time and place, but I have too much respect for myself, too much love for my teacher, and too much reverence for God's day and house and Word to behave in Sunday-school as if I were at a sociable.

"One hot Sunday last summer the girls did behave dreadfully, worse than you would think it possible for nice, well brought up young women to behave. Two of them persisted in sitting so far back that no one could tell whether they considered themselves members of the class or not, and then were impertinent in their complaints because they could not hear what was said.

"Miss Hopkins looked altogether discouraged, and I was so indignant that I could hardly control my voice to answer the questions that came to me. During the closing exercises and the singing of a hymn, Miss Hopkins wrote a little note on a slip of paper, and as we were going out she handed it to me.

"'Oh, Miss Hopkins, haven't you a note for me?' cried Tilly Lane, the girl who was the ringleader in the mischief.

"'Not this time, dear,'" replied Miss Hopkins, with her usual sweetness, at which Tilly giggled in a more exasperating way than ever.

"I could not imagine what the little note could be about, but I hurried along up the street and as soon as I was alone opened and read it. It was just a few sweet words to thank me for the help and comfort and inspiration my quiet, sympathetic demeanor as well as my carefully prepared lesson was to her, and asking me to pray with her for our thoughtless young friends. I can't tell you how surprised I was, for the idea of being a comfort to any one had never entered my mind, and I went along up the street with tears of joy dropping from my eyes.

"'A summer shower! a summer shower!' some one cried, and Tilly, who had been hurrying to overtake me, asked: 'What has she been blowing you up for? You hadn't done anything in particular only to sit there like a clam when you must have been dying to laugh at the way the others were cutting up.'

"I handed her the note, and when she gave it back she said: 'Thank you. So that is the way she takes it, is it? I'll never bother her again.'

"I was distressed at her reply and thought she meant to leave the class, but she has been faithful in every way since that day, and I am sure Miss Hopkins now esteems her as much as she does any one in the class."

"That," said Mrs. Miller, "proved to be the most effective personal work possible. Showing an appreciation of the good, instead of causing bitterness by reproving the bad."

"It might not have amounted to anything had this young lady not shown her friend the note."

"I acted upon impulse. I must have been led to do it, for had I waited until a calmer moment I might have thought it dishonorable; but I am sure Miss Hopkin's sweetness conquered the class, and by it they were willing to be set to work."

"Will you please to tell us in what way?"

"To take classes themselves. Soon after that episode our Sunday-school was re-organized, and all the girls in Miss Hopkin's class who were Christians were given small classes, and you don't know how nicely it works. Once a quarter we have a general examination conducted by the pastor, in which the superintendent, teachers, and members of classes are all alike, pupils; and it has brought our Sunday-school up to a higher standard than it has ever held before."

"There is a solution of your problem, Mrs. Douglas," said Mrs. Miller. "Re-organize. It is a mistake to let a school run on year after year in the same old rut. Make six pupils the limit of each class, but begin with a less number so that each teacher and scholar may try to bring in recruits. Put a Christian teacher over each class. Let each teacher give prizes for punctuality and regular attendance. Let us all try to encourage Bible study in our respective schools and to hold quarterly examinations, and let us all come to the next Sunday-school convention and report progress."

"*Maple Corner," Willington, Conn.*

HOW ROD WAS LED.

Two ladies stood by Sue Ingram's counter waiting for change.

"What delightful meetings we are having!" Mrs. Walker said.

"Indeed we are," responded Mrs. Currier. "It does my heart good to see the young people so delightful and earnest. I've been feeling so anxious all day about one in particular; Rod Carter."

She gave a little start as she caught the name, but neither lady noticed it.

"He used to be in my Sabbath-school class, you know," continued Mrs. Currier, "but he has not been much lately; he has gotten in with a set who do not help him much, I fancy. Some of our boys coaxed him into one of the meetings, however, and he is really very much interested. I hoped he would decide the question last night; I could see he was just halting between two opinions, but he was not quite ready to decide. The worst of it is he said he could not come to-night, as he had a previous engagement."

Sue started again at this, and looked a trifle conscious.

"I'm so afraid he will be drawn back again," she heard Mrs. Currier say next. "Somehow, I have a feeling that if he wilfully stays away to-night, and puts off deciding until a more convenient season, the Spirit will cease to strive with him—now, any way. I am so anxious about it."

"Here's your change, madam," said Sue just then.

There were tears in gentle Mrs. Currier's eyes as she turned to take it.

"My dear," she said, obeying a sudden impulse as she glanced at Sue's saucy, piquant face, "my dear, don't forget your responsibility in influencing your friends and associates. It will be a dreadful thing at that last day to have any one say we led him astray, away from the right; will it not?"

She had no answer ready for this query, and the ladies passed out.

"So Rod is interested in religion, is he?" she thought, as she put things to rights. "Wonder, what Mrs. Currier would have said if she had known his engagement was to take me to the theatre. I suppose she would have besought me to let him off and send him to meeting. Perhaps, I ought; but I don't get very much fun, and I don't see why he can't decide before or after just as well. Still," and Sue fairly shuddered at the thought, "it would be awful if he should get over it at the play, and then blame me for it."

All day long Sue was perplexed and troubled, and as unlike her usual merry, saucy self as possible.

"Whatever in the world am I going to do?" she thought as she started for home at night. "I wish Mrs. Currier had gone somewhere else shopping. I don't see what earthly difference it makes; the meetings last a week longer, and Rod can go every evening for all of me, but if I give up the theatre to-night the dear knows when I'll get another chance to go. I guess if Mrs. Currier had to work as I do, and didn't have any more fun than I do, she wouldn't think it such a simple matter to give it up. It's all nonsense any way. I'm not responsible for Rod's not deciding. He has had time enough this week, but he hasn't improved it, and very likely he wouldn't to-night, even if he went to the meeting. I'm not going to give up my good time unless he asks me to; so, now!"

And having come to this decision, she hastened her steps and tried to think no more about it. But in spite of her best endeavors she felt anything but comfortable as she made preparations to go. She even kept Rod waiting fully ten minutes while she stood in her own room, hat and jacket on, and thought it all over again. It ended, however, in her coming down with a half-reckless look, and they started out.

But Sue found her companion very sober and absent-minded, yet, while it increased her own disquiet of mind, she apparently did not notice it, but laughed and chatted incessantly.

"We've lost our car and will have to wait a few minutes," said Rod, as they reached the corner. "What got into you, Sue? I never knew you to keep anybody waiting before, especially when there was a good time on hand."

"Didn't you? Well, there always has to be a first time, you know," was Sue's only reply; and then for a few minutes neither of them spoke.

Sue seemed to see Mrs. Currier's earnest face, and to hear her saying, "don't forget your responsibility; it will be a dreadful thing to hear any one say we led him away from the right."

Rod was trying in vain to quiet his troubled conscience.

"There's no use in my feeling so uncomfortable. I'll go to the meeting to-morrow night, and decide one way or the other, and be done with it."

But, suggested something within, suppose something should happen before then; things do to people many times when they least expect them. What if it should be too late to-morrow night?

Rod shook himself impatiently.

"Here's the car," he said, with a look of relief; but just then they both heard the church bell. "Don't forget," it said to Sue; "Come now," it seemed to Rod to plead.

For an instant their eyes met, and Sue, with quick intuition, read the struggle in Rod's face. "It will be a dreadful thing to hear any one say we led him astray." How those words rang in Sue's ears!

"Yes," she said to herself, "it would be horrible, and I will not run the risk of it for all the fun in the world; if Rod goes away from the right it will not be my fault."

The car was close to them, and Rod put out his hand to help Sue, but she drew back.

"We won't go to the theatre to-night; we will go the meeting, and if I were in your place, Rodney, I wouldn't hesitate any longer. I'd make up my mind for the right to-night."

Rod turned and looked at Sue, too surprised to speak.

"How did you know?" he asked presently.

"Oh, I found it out," she answered, as they went up the church steps. It was an intensely solemn meeting; the text was, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." It came to Rod like a command.

After the sermon, when the minister came down from the pulpit, and, looking anxiously in the faces before him, asked if there were not some who would choose now whom they would serve, Rod was one of the first to rise.

"I have chosen Christ for my master," he said, and there was a real ring of joy in his voice, "and, God helping me, I will serve him faithfully all the rest of my life."

"I can never thank you enough, Sue, for your help to-night," said Rod, as they walked home together. "I cannot tell you how happy and thankful I am that I have decided."

"I am very glad, also; but you need not thank me, Rod, for I think I helped myself to decide, as well as you," answered Sue. "I did not do anything worth mentioning for you, yet it made me happier than I ever was before, I think, to feel that I had helped even the least bit. If God will only accept and help me, I want to serve him, too."—*Our Youth.*

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says:—"I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath."

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